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MOVABLE FEASTS.

Septuagesima Sunday,	Feb. 8	Ascension Day,	May 21
Sexagesima Sunday,	" 15	Whit Sunday,	" 31
Quinquagesima Sunday,	" 22	Trinity Sunday	June 7
Ash Wednesday,	" 25	Corpus Christi,,	" 11
First Sunday in Lent,	Mar. 1	First Sunday in Advent	Nov. 29
Palm Sunday,	Apr. 5	Sundays after Pentecost,	25
Easter Sunday,	" 12	Christmas falls on Friday.	
Low Sunday,	" 19		

HOLYDAYS OF OBLIGATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

On which every Catholic who has come to the age of reason is obliged to hear Mass and to rest from servile work, unless hindered by sickness or other sufficient cause.

1. All Sundays in the year.
2. The Circumcision of Our Lord, or New Year's Day, January 1.
3. Ascension of Our Lord May 21.
4. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 15.
5. All Saints, November 1.
6. The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, December 8.
7. The Nativity of Our Lord, December 25.

FAST-DAYS.

Binding on every Catholic who has reached the age of twenty-one and is not lawfully excused.

All the week-days of *Lent,* beginning on *Ash Wednesday,* Feb. 25. The *Fridays* in *Advent.* The *Ember-Days,* four times a year, *viz.,* the Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays following: 1. The first Sunday in *Lent* (March 4, 6, 7); 2. *Whitsunday* (June 3, 5, 6); 3. The fourteenth of *September* (September 16, 18 19); 4. The third Sunday of *Advent* (December 16, 18, 19). Also the vigil of Pentecost, May 30; of the Assumption, August 14; of All Saints, October 31; of Christmas, December 24. When a feast falls on Monday, the vigil is kept on the Saturday preceding.

In some dioceses the Friday of the Ember-Days is the only Friday in Advent on which there is an obligation to fast.

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.

On which we are not allowed to eat flesh-meat.

All Fridays in the year, and all fast-days of obligation, excepting those on which the use of flesh-meat is expressly allowed by the proper authorities. Soldiers and sailors in the service of the United States however, are exempt from the rule of abstinence all through the year, excepting upon Ash Wednesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday in Holy Week, and upon the vigils of the Assumption and of Christmas. In most dioceses of the United States dispensation from abstinence is granted to the laboring classes and their household on any day, excepting Fridays, Ash-Wednesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas.

Asthoreen.

Asthoreen

Heed You not my glad heart's swelling?
Angel choirs their message telling
In the starlight's gentle beaming,
Where the shepherds vigils keep;
Oh, the earth with joy is teeming,
And the rocky manger gleaming,
As I worship You a-dreaming,
In Your Mother's arms asleep,
Asthoreen.

All the rapture of my duty,
All the fairness of your beauty,
Shall the breezes bear unheeding
To the azure sky aglow?
Every trace of sin receding,
At the ardor if your pleading
With the Godhead interceding,
All the souls redeemed shall know.
Asthoreen.

Oh, my eager eyes are shining,
As I see my God reclining,
And His little arms entwining
On His Virgin Mother's breast.
Who shall sing this wondrous story?
Maidens, youths, and grandsires hoary,
Sing a cradle-song of glory
To our Infant God at rest,—
Asthoreen.

(Lyria.)

Diocesan Events

December, 1913

1—Property bought at Chisholm for school purposes and at No. Monmouth for a Chapel and future Church.
Novena at the Cathedral in honor of the Immaculate Conception and of the Jubilee preached by the Bishop.

8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Patronal festival of the Diocese and of the United States. Solemn Pontifical Mass at Cathedral. Solemn Reception of Sodalities and closing of Jubilee in the evening.

20—Ordination at Cathedral of two young priests for the Diocese—Rev. George P. Johnson of Portland and Ludger Ouellette of Chisholm—the Bishop officiating and preaching.

21—The new priests offered their first Mass. Fr. Johnson in the Cathedral and Fr. Ouellette at Chisholm—Fr. Santagnello left the Portland Diocese.

23—Thirty-first anniversary of the ordination of the Bishop of Portland.

24—Visit of Bishop to the Catholic Institutions of Portland—Mother House of Sisters of Mercy, St. Joseph's Home—St. Elizabeth's Orphan Asylum, Holy Innocents Home and St. Anthony's Guild.

25—Christmas Day—Solemn Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral.

26-27—Visit to Waterville, three parishes.

29—Solemn Reception of religious habit by seven young ladies at the Mother House in Deering—sermon by Fr. Mellyn, S. J., of Boston.

30—Solemn Profession of eleven into the Sisters of Mercy at Deering—the Bishop officiating and preaching.

31—Solemn Holy Hour of Adoration and Expiation at Cathedral, sermon by the Bishop and the same Devotion in every Parish Church to close the year of 1913—*Deo Gratias.*

The Holy Name

O Name above all names, Supreme Salvation,
Name honeysweet, whose breathing is a grace,
With fervent hearts we offer reparation,
And seek each loathsome insult to efface.

O glorious Name, the Angels homage bringing
Adoring sing around Thy Shrine today
On earth, in heaven with one vast chorus ringing,
"His Holy Name be blessed—be blessed for aye."

With silent worship is our ardor glowing,
Like incense rising upward to Thy throne
With reverence for Thy Sacredness, well knowing
That life belongs to Thee—and Thee along.

Then, Ave Jesu! Ave Joy Eternal!
The Light of Light! Great Power! Sweet Peace Untold!
The Dawning of Redemption! Love Supernal!
In heaven alone, Thy glories we unfold.

(DEVOTA.)

THE HOLY NAME.

Rev. P. E. Desjardins.

At the very opening of this festive office, one reads the Church's invitation: "Come, let us adore the admirable Name of Jesus which is above all names."

Coming so soon after the commemoration of the Circumcision, the relation of one office to the other is made apparent: we turn our attention from the occasion of its giving to the contemplation of the name itself, and from the words of the invitation we may gather the grounds on which our worship shall rest.

"Admirable" the Holy Name is in all truth and deserving of our tribute of love and respect. Far "above all names" it wields a power which it alone possesses.

A divine messenger brought the name from heaven. Angels "who stand before the throne of God" and do his bidding are

represented in Holy Writ as passing from heaven to earth; they execute what they do not originate. And so the Archangel delivered to men that Name which had been prepared before the ages by Divine Wisdom. The plan of redemption was drawn in eternity; then too was coined the name so expressive of it. And so it happened in the fulness of time that an angel appeared to Mary to deliver himself of his burden of hope for mankind. Thus came to be spoken by men a name known to the heavenly hosts from the beginning.

The inspired prophets sent "to prepare the ways" had proclaimed it as a part of their mission of foretelling and describing the Redeemer. Time, place, and manner of His coming were a part of their message. But God, that men might have no excuse for their blindness, and their hardness of heart willed that even the Holy Name should be known beforehand. Isaias had proclaimed Him "Admirable" and "Emmanuel," the God with us; Gabriel said: "And thou shalt call His name Jesus."

The names which men give are seldom apt because they know not the part which their recipient will play. They choose them with no thought of their meaning, because of a chance association with persons or events dear to them; too often, in the case even of thoughtless, if well-meaning catholics, mere fashion or factitious beauty of sound inspire their choice. Such are not the ways of God.

For Him the future has no secrets and the names which He gives are prophetic of things to come. The Scriptures are full of inspired names, expressive of the role played in life by the bearers. The Holy Name which we are called upon to honor is eminently one of these. It sums up the whole mission of Our Lord. He came to save from the thraldom of sin; His life was one long sacrifice from Bethlehem to Calvary; and what He was in the flesh He continues to be through His Church till time shall be no more. He is, what He was called from the beginning, the "Saviour."

Truly admirable the name of Jesus! Born of eternal wisdom, spoken by the angels from the beginning when it had been revealed to them, and delivered to men as a token of the divine mercy vouchsafed them.

It is not to be wondered at then that the Church should hold it in veneration and call upon her children to be thankful and adore. Always it has occupied an exalted place of its own in the hearts of catholics. As St. Paul says it is by God's will that the Holy Name is set above all others. The Son of God had humbled Himself even to the ignominy of the cross in order to restore the balance which pride had destroyed. Justice demanded that the honor of God be vindicated; hence He "hath given Him a name which is above all names".

Bouquereau's Virgin.

In that name is salvation to be won; by it is the divine Mercy to be moved, as by it the Apostles performed their wondrous works. On the first Pentecost-day Peter and John went up to the temple and at the gate they met the man "who was lame from his mother's womb". Instead of alms of gold and silver "of which they had none", he was told to rise and walk "in the name of Jesus Christ". Later when the crowd had gathered and were marvelling Peter told them that what had been done had come about by the name of Him whom they had put to death.

Far greater however than all temporal favors obtained through the Holy Name are those, whose number cannot be told, bestowed upon the souls of men. The healing of bodily ills was but the pale fore-shadowing of that spiritual healing which comes through the sacraments to ailing souls. And so are we made to feel the divine bounty, even to the last dread moment when eyes about to be dimmed forever light up with love and hope at the sound of the Holy Name uttered in the liturgy of Holy Church.

How welcome then to Catholic souls the Church's invitation! How gladly our heart should express its love and praise! It is God's will that to the Holy Name "every knee should bow" in heaven and on earth. Nor is it enough that we pay a mere tribute of praise; only by a constant, if silent, life of devout service can we offer the honor which is due. Were we to be faithful to the venerable custom of bowing always to the sound of the Holy Name, 'twere something no doubt; yet would we fall far short of a just tribute, unless, by obedience to the Divine Will, we showed our devotion to be more than perfunctory.

And if at times we are saddened at the profane use of a Name which to all should mean so much let us redouble in love and respect for it the while we plead, as St. Peter pleaded on that Pentecost-day in the temple, in sorrow for them that had brought about the death of the Author of life, that it is done "in ignorance".

"Come, let us adore the admirable name of Jesus which is above all names."

LIFE.

A heartflame stricken by a breath,
Touched by a gust of wind,
Pulsates no more.
A spark of life, blown out by death,
And in the heavens enshrined,
Throbs as of yore.

O. L. V.

Her Deepest Sense

"The simple life! Life on the farm! Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," said Edward Barton, waving a cigarette in the air and watching the tiny rings of blue smoke float towards the ceiling.

"Don't be ridiculous, Ned."

"Yes, as I declared to Dalton, the other day, the present overcrowded state of our cities——"

Pretty Mrs. Barton, threw her newspaper on the floor and and sighed deeply. She had so longed for society life and had scarcely had a good taste of it as yet. "What are you dreaming about, dear," she said laughing and turning towards her husband. "Are you going to bring me back to those muddy lanes and damp woods that never held any attractions for me? You know the country is not my native element, nor yours either, Ned. Why mar our pleasure? I love the bustle and activity of the city, its crowded shops, its theatres and the many enjoyments which it affords. Now, do be sensible on this point anyway."

Edward Barton took a fresh cigar from a very dainty case, lit it and after blowing a few whiffs, continued in his slow accustomed way.

"You did not read the speech I delivered last week before the House, on the advantages of country life. Had you done me that honor, you would surely have a better understanding and a more enlightened view of the matter, Nellie. You see, dear, as I have discussed the subject, the situation is teeming with splendid opportunities, and the advantages—"

"Are so numerous and so depressing—" murmured Nellie.

"But you have not seen Wellsdale, my dear, and 'The Elms' is a beautiful old place; no muddy lanes, which you so despise, and the woods are dry and airy and full of nature's beauties. Just yesterday when I saw them they appealed to me more than ever. Tomorrow we shall motor over and see the place. I am sure you will consider it ideal."

"No, Ned, I do not think I shall. I am certainly set against life in the country."

"Wait till you see the house, Nellie! Think of French windows, panelled walls, carved ceilings, polished oaken floors and your cherished dream of Louis XIV furniture in the rooms. I tell you the effect will be stunning."

"Stunning! Ned, you are absurd!"

"And there's a beautiful kitchen garden, and we shall have cows, poultry—"

"In the garden of course," and Mrs. Barton laughed sarcastically. "No, I say, Ned, I am not going to Wellsdale."

"Now, Nellie, I assure you that when you have passed a few months at 'The Elms' you will never wish to live in the city again. You should see the golf links at Wellsdale. They are simply glorious—"

"Oh, I see; I understand your enthusiasm now. The whole matter is based on the golf links."

"No, no, dear; you are quite wrong there; that is only a detail," he said.

"Now, you know I do not play golf, Ned, and how do you suppose I am going to spend my time while you and Minnie are on the links. I can't go shopping, or calling, or seek any outside amusement. Perhaps the cows and poultry are an addition from a social point of view."

"Your fire of sarcasm is certainly pretty hot, Nellie, but do you forget that we have a sixty horse-power motor car standing idle in the garage? There need be no limit to your social relations; you can girdle the country in thirty minutes—"

"And come to a standstill in the county jail," laughed Mrs. Barton. "No, Ned, I just love our city home, it's absolutely perfect. And really you should not ask me to leave it. I am so happy in it."

"Can't I make you happy elsewhere, Nellie?" said her husband, leaning back in his chair and looking at her thoughtfully through half-closed eyes, in which a serious, troubled expression seemed to lurk.

But Mrs. Barton resumed her newspaper and declined further discussion of the subject.

Edward Barton persistently resumed conversation. He evidently had something more important and serious to say. He finally brought himself to say it.

"I went to Colton's yesterday," he remarked with assumed lightness.

"The specialist's? Why?" asked his wife, looking up quickly, a shadow of fear in her eyes.

Dr. Colton was a leading physician, a specialist on tuberculosis. There was a superstitious saying, "See Colton and die," connected with his practice; as he was generally resorted to by victims in the worst and most chronic states of the dread disease.

"Why did you go to Colton, Ned?" repeated Mrs. Barton.

"Well, this cough has lingered for so long, and lately has been so irritating that Dr. Jameson thought I had better consult Colton about it."

"Oh, Ned!" cried Mrs. Barton, "What did he say? Surely it is not serious! Perhaps if you gave up smoking those horrid cigarettes—"

"Yes; he said I had better—"

"Did I not say so a hundred times? What are you going to do?"

"I am not going to give them up,"

"Oh, Ned!" and Mrs. Barton threw away her newspaper.

"Colton advised me to go to a country place where the air would be pure and bracing. He rather insisted on it; but it seems I can't go for I shall not go without my wife."

Mrs. Barton rose, went over to his side and knelt down.

"Ned, why did you not explain the matter to me at first. Surely you do not think me so selfish as to put my tastes before the matter of your health," she said, putting her arms around him.

"There was no need to alarm you. I really did not intend to tell you, dear, but since you forced me to do so as otherwise you would look upon me as disagreeable and unreasonable, I may as well tell you, also, that there is consumption in my family and Colton knows it. Now, of course there is no immediate cause for alarm—the remedy is only precautionary. If I live in a pure atmosphere, in fact out-of-doors most of the time, as I can at 'The Elms,' I shall be all right in a short time."

"We shall go at once, Ned; tomorrow we can drive over and see the house."

"But you will find it dull there, Nellie."

"I don't care how dull it is, so long as your health is safe, Ned. I fear I have been very selfish. You have had that cough so long, and I have not taken it seriously at all."

"You must not take it too seriously now, dearest."

"I have been so very happy here, Ned, so very, very happy, I seem to hate the idea of leaving this dear home, but the thought of losing you never entered my mind. Now that a danger-note has been sounded I know I could not be happy should I lose you; everything else fades in comparison. If it is going to do you good, I hope and pray I shall be just as happy at 'The Elms'."

Her husband bent over her and kissed her, and a pang shot through his heart; he had not told his wife all that Dr. Colton had said, and he knew that Nellie's happy days were numbered.

"Where is Minnie this evening? he asked, after a few moments' silence.

"She has gone to the Auditorium to hear a lecture or something of the kind."

"Well, Nellie," he said, "be careful what you let her attend. She should not have gone unchaperoned."

"Is it against society rules?" asked Nellie, languidly, raising her eyebrows.

"Of course it is. No young girl goes to a public place unchaperoned. Do not allow it again."

"I don't believe you know anything about it, Ned," she went on, laughing, "and I don't mind so long as Minnie is amused. You want to go to your club now, Ned, I can see—do go. I do not mind being alone.

"I shall finish that book you brought me last evening."

She picked up a book, but as soon as she heard the front door close behind her husband, she threw it aside; new thoughts surged through her brain. It was a real pang to her heart to know that she must leave her present home, which money and natural artistic taste had made so luxurious. It was a large mansion in a suburb of a great city, with handsome rooms, which she loved to fill by frequent parties and receptions. She thought of the simple country house at Wellsdale and shuddered. True, her furniture and rare china might look very effective in the setting that Ned described, but few would see them there and Nellie Barton had a strong sense of vanity.

Life in a place like that would be martyrdom or at least boredom. But it would be good for Ned, and that point being settled, all other considerations were passed out of count; she loved her beautiful house, and beautiful things, but she loved them plus Ned; without him they had no worth, no power to give her pleasure. Ned threatened with consumption and ordered off into the country! What a horrible, disquieting idea! What a grim spectre came to threaten her mental vision! She suddenly realized that it might always be there now, casting its dark shadow over life and happiness.

Kneeling, she wept, and cast her vanity aside. Her deeper sense of justice and helpfulness towards her husband was aroused and she firmly resolved with God's help, come what might, she would support him in the darkest hour.

L. J

THE YEAR.

Out of the heart of Winter
Riseth the beautiful spring;
Over her fair form Summer
Flower-decked robes shall fling.
Autumn shall gather the harvest,
Fruitage that Summer gave;
Leaving the flowers to wither
On Winter's shadowy grave.

S. A. H.

The Christmas Cycle

This beautiful round of holy festivity begins with Advent as its prelude, when all the world seems waiting for the coming of the long-expected Messiah; He, as foretold by the prophets, is the Bearer of light and the Restorer of original justice to a darkened world.

In the beautiful liturgy of Holy Mother Church, we are reminded by her outward adornment and the words of her Divine Office, how she was bought with the great price of our Redeemer's Blood, and given to us in order to lead us back to our rightful heritage—the Kingdom of Heaven.

Therefore, she clothes herself in a robe of purple as a symbol of penance and retirement, in order to lead us to acquire that same disposition, that having cleansed our hearts of sin and its darkening effects, we might the better realize the great Gift of the Saviour bestowed upon us.

Only once, during this Advent-tide does holy mother church lift the veil of penance from her beautiful face and smile upon her children, a smile of encouragement, as it were, on "Gaudete" Sunday, the third of Advent Sundays, when all are called upon to rejoice for "the Lord is near." This is a glimpse of the joyous coming at hand, and a slight relaxation from the gloom of penance.

In the eternal city, Beata Roma, and wherever the beautiful ancient customs are observed, the rose-colored vestments are worn, a medium between the violet of penance and the red of heavenly births of martyrs and the great sending of the Holy Spirit on Pentecost. Flowers are used on the altar and the music is of a more sprightly measure.

But this is only momentary—immediately after, the church again dons the violet vestment and the solemn attitude of penance.

St. John Chrysostom has rightfully styled the festival of Christmas," the metropolis of all solemnities in the Church," and as we gradually near it, Holy Mother Church joins the fasts of ember week with prayer of hope and confident longing.

The office of Christmas Eve is full of joy and the first mass should be celebrated at midnight. Such was in earlier ages the universal custom; but as so many abuses crept in, the continuance of this beautiful custom is now restricted to Seminaries and Monasteries or Convents, or is left to the discretion of the Bishop.

There are two later masses, each expressive of some distinguishing thought bearing on the festival. The midnight Mass is that of the temporal birth of our Savior and commemorates the great miracle of the union of human nature with the Divine, when the Son of God took up His abode with us. "Dominus dixit ad me. 'filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui te'." What solemnity of thought enters the mind, what sacred awe fills the heart. Like the faithful shepherds guarding their flocks in the valley of Bethlehem we almost forget to adore, so wrapt are we with mystic fear of the great miracle of that wonderful Birth. This is the principal thought of the midnight Mass.

The second Mass commemorates the fact that Christ is a gift to the world, born in time as our King and Redeemer; the coming of the Light to the world for our sakes, as an evidence of the sympathy of the Creator for His fallen creatures and demanding our gratitude in return. "Lux fulgebit hodie super nos, quia natus est nobis Dominus; et vocabitur Admirabilis Deus, Princeps pacis, Pater futuri saeculi." The Mass begins with these very words and they furnish the keynote of its liturgy. Hope and gratitude unite with our joyful chant of prayer and praise. With the shepherds, we hasten to the scene of this beautiful and glorious event: "transeamus usque Bethlehem." (St. Luke 2, 15)

Away back in the ages of Christian Knighthood, a custom had obtained in which the Sovereign Pontiff before the second Mass on Christmas morning, blessed a sword, to be given to some Christian Prince, as a symbol of the true character of Christ, the Prince of Peace, who, as He said had come 'not to send peace, but the sword.'

Often, also, in those earlier ages, when emperors or kings assisted at the midnight Mass and Holy Office, they chanted with sword unsheathed the lesson of matins which begins: "In quo conflictu pro nobis inito," and is taken from the homily of St. Leo.

St. Anastasia has a special commemoration in this mass as, according to Christian tradition, she was burned for her faith on Christmas day; and there was a very ancient custom of celebrating the second Mass at Rome with special solemnity in the Church of St. Anastasia for it appears that Pope and people went in solemn procession to the celebration of this Mass in that Basilica.

The third Mass on the great day of Christmas expresses the completion of the mystery of Redemption. It is celebrated at full day-light and indicates the fruits of the Saviour's coming, the establishing of Christ's Kingdom upon earth, in the hearts of men. "Puer natus est nobis et filius datus est nobis, cujus imperium super humerum ejus, et vocabitur nomen ejus magni consili Angelus." The first Gospel is the grand summing up of

the entire mystery, and is the same as that repeated at nearly every Mass during the year; "In the beginning was the Word —He came unto His own—and they who received Him, to them He gave power to become the sons of God."

Those feasts which fall within the octave of Christmas are called festa concomitantia, as they are not so separate in their festive character but rather illustrate the Christmas festival. For that reason the Vespers of these feasts are always those of the Christmas office, even in the case of a titular saint, which in any other season would be celebrated with exceptional solemnity.

The effects of the fruits of the Incarnation are shown in the saints of this season. St. Stephen, giving his life for his faith, and at the same time praying for his enemies, fulfills in anticipation the action of the Divine Model on Calvary.

St. John does not die, although he suffered for his faith, rather he lives for it. The disciples firmly believed that John the Beloved should not die, for they had heard the Master say: "There are some standing here that shall not taste death, till they see the Kingdom of God."

It is true, he had leaned upon the Heart of the Master, and his virgin stainless heart had beat in harmony with the great throbbing of the Sacred Heart. But his immortality is relative. He gives us glimpses of the New Jerusalem when he tells of the visions on Patmos, and the voice from the clouds. It is the impersonation of the contemplative power of the virginal heart.

And the Holy Innocents—what a glorious light they cast upon the compassionate love of God! The affections of earth seem linked with those of heaven and suggest the saving mercy by which calamities draw men to God.

On the feast itself the church wears violet robes, as if to join in the mourning of the Hebrew mothers who were ignorant of the Divine Dispensation in their regard.

In the feast of St. Thomas, we have the type of the Good Shepherd, and in that of St. Sylvester, the confessor. The Sunday within the octave is a foreshadowing of the hidden life of our Lord, and alludes to the life at Nazareth after the return from Egyptian exile. And here too, we get an insight into the mind of Mary, the Mother of the Divine Word. With faithful care she nourishes the treasure confided to her; for the child "grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in Him."

With the feast of the Circumcision the civil year begins, which in olden times had the character of the present Devotion of the Forty Hours.

Pagan customs of revelry and dissipation in honor of Janus had been kept up for centuries, so that in the middle of the

sixth century we find litanies and hymns being sung and Mass offered in propitiation, to atone for the superstitious rites of the pagans. It was also observed as a fast day.

The Epiphany, or Little Christmas, which occurs on the sixth of January, is a complement of Christmas, and in its liturgy unfolds to us a triple mystery. "This day the Church is betrothed to her divine Spouse, who has cleansed her from sin in the waters of Jordan. The Magi hasten with gifts to the royal nuptials. The guests rejoice at the miracle of water converted into wine." (Antiph. ad Bened. Epiph.)

Here, Christ offers to the world, His holy Church, His celestial Bride.

He espouses the individual soul and bestows the gold of faith, the myrrh of hope and the frankincense of charity as bridal gifts. In the miracle of changing water into wine we behold the symbol of His Royal priesthood, the endless fountain of joy that flows from the table of the Eucharistic feast.

On the eve of the Epiphany, it is the custom in some countries for the faithful to have their dwellings blessed, and in the Roman Ritual there is a special form for the solemn blessing of gold, myrrh and frankincense.

The church omits from her office of this day both "Invitatory" and hymns, as if to tell that there is no need for special invitation to adore, and praise her Beloved, for the feast of the Epiphany is the culminating point of her joy.

On this day, also, the Bishops issued pastoral letters to their flocks, the first object of which was to announce to them the varying Eastertide with its train of movable feasts.

The Sunday within the octave of the Epiphany is a complement of the Sunday after Christmas. It sets forth the hidden life of Our Lord in relation to the establishment of the Church —the Child Christ teaching the Doctors, but as one who is not teaching.

Five more Sundays belong to this Christmas Cycle of which the great Festival is the center. But if Easter occur early it may happen that only one is kept in the liturgy of this season. It relates our Lord's personal revelation of Himself, at the nuptial feast of Cana, to the smaller circle of friends and kindred. The Church very appropriately celebrates on this day the feast of the Holy Name, revealing at the same time the wonderful and mysterious purpose of the coming of the Infant God of Bethlehem.

Manaskan

An Indian Tale of Maine

(Denis Darcy.)

CHAPTER V.

New Arrivals.

The fog was lifting. The thick wet drift stood clear of the shouldering sea to the westward and in toward shore, like an upper sea, hung at the fir-girt middles of the mountains, as level and as gray as the sea below. There was no breeze. The long smooth swell of the Atlantic swung under the boat and in until it whitened at the base of three dark rocks that lay in the course and that now began to take on form out of the foggy distance.

As the boat approached the shore, the sound of the surf about the rocks became audible; gulls were flying overhead, and lines of black cormorants were winging past towards the rookeries incrusting the walls from tide-line to pinnacle.

It was a strange, wild scene. Cut off by breaker and bar from the abrupt, lonely shore, these three rocks towered above the waves, while the life boat coasted their dripping sides like some rocking pigmy. The boat's keel grated on the rocky shore, where life was crude, raw and elemental as the rock itself.

"Land, ho!" was shouted and the passengers gazed upon a sight grim and forbidding. They had rounded the island close enough to get some idea of its appearance. It was very rocky and had only a few trees scattered over its surface.

"Captain Biencourt tells me," said Roscand, "that it is very similar to the one for which we were bound."

Virginie, a beautiful child of ten and daughter of the so-called Captain Biencourt, for he had taken command of the vessel after the sad fate of Captain Weymouth examined the island only a moment, then turned and looked back over their course. She had been using his glasses.

"I wish you would take the glasses," she exclaimed suddenly. "Look in the direction to which I am pointing."

"Well," answered the Mate, for such was Roscand's position in the crew, "I see smoke."

"Don't you see anything strange in that?" asked Virginie.

"But if you will recall, Captain Weymouth said we were

bound for an uninhabited island quite out of the usual trading course."

He had no reply for this; but the matter did not trouble him greatly; the more serious difficulty was to find a landing place.

The captain joined him and said: "Do you see that sharply outlined ledge to the lee of what you might call a gothic spire?

"I see it," answered Roscand. "Make for that point, there must be a break in that line and a landing somewhere near."

In about an hour the boat lay in a protected semicircle of shore. They landed after some difficulty and walked down the barren coast for a mile or so. The stretch near the water was sandy beach. About three hundred feet back arose the irregular rock formations of which the island was principally composed.

Under the guidance of Captain Biencourt they turned up a sort of gully and made their way over tortuous ground to a small plateau about half a mile inland. They had traveled rather slowly, for they were drenched and weary and weak with strenuous effort and fright. When they had reached the level the captain paused. "This will do," he announced. "We may as well camp here for a while. Make the ladies comfortable while I go back with a few of the men after what little supplies we brought with us."

"The first thing will be to make a fire," observed Roscand.

"Don't believe you'll find any wood," came from the group of weary seamen.

At that moment came to their ears a sound which caused them to seek for a place of hiding, but they seemed rooted to the spot. Above them arose a wild eery cry, ending in shriek after shriek. As they listened, frozen with horror, the screams were repeated, indefinitely close, rising in a fierce crescendo of intensity.

It was not an animal-like cry. For all its rancous and unnatural quality, it had a human note that made it even more terrible.

The terror of the unknown and supernatural that lies in abeyance at the bottom of every human heart was uppermost.

The shrieks burst forth again, clearly coming from the side of the shelter towards which they had turned for safety.

"Look!" exclaimed Virginie. They followed the direction indicated by the child's upraised finger.

The jaggard crest of the western skyline stretched in a wide black sweep above them. Clearly outlined against the pale sky were hundreds of strange, hideous figures dancing fantastically and coming nearer and nearer in a sinuous line. The forms suggested human beings, but the attitudes and gestures might have been attributed to imps of darkness.

The situation seemed desperate and the little party sank on their knees for resistance seemed fruitless and their last hour was evidently at hand.

At that moment the good missionary, kneeling in his cabin was piously reading the Holy Scriptures. The noise and war-whoops recalled him from his consoling contemplation and rushing from his cabin he headed off the tribe and interposed without hesitation. By his prudence and the ascendancy acquired by his virtue, his words of peace found hearers. The Indians settled down, and order soon prevailed on the Island. The presence of the holy priest inspired all with confidence, and seemed a more efficacious security than all the resources of human prudence. He then spoke to the tribe telling them that these few whites intended no wrong, had not even desired to come to their Island, but had been placed there by accident. With two of the leaders and Manaskan as guide, the ship-wrecked party sent for Captain Biencourt so as to secure a safe return to the camp. The good Missionary caled Wahin aside, and placed the party under his protection. He also requested Kiomo to provide for their wants.

"They are your brothers and yours is a privilege given you by your Father in Heaven to be kind in His Name and in the name of your tribe. Your honor is at stake if you injure your brother, God will punish you. Do not let the tribe show any ill-will. These are not your enemies—they are your guests. Treat them as such for the sake of your Father in heaven.

Thus having addressed the elders of the tribe, he appointed three Indians to open negotiations for peace, as by this time he had learned how the Indian loves ceremony.

The good Father's cabin was soon crowded with the weary, heartsick voyagers. Two whole days were scarcely enough to gratify the curiosity of the people of Pemetiq.

CHAPTER VI.

Affairs soon took a favorable turn. The Indians were kind on the whole and brought provisions and furs to the cabin for the "white man" as they termed the party of stranded passengers, some of whom were sick and disabled after the disasters and fright through which they had passed, and the time sped rapidly by on the Island.

It was now almost a month since Captain Biencourt and his companions had been stranded. He had lost no time in becoming acquainted with the Indians and by prudence and a kindly hearing soon won their good will. His little daughter Virginie, who was truly a beautiful child, became an object of admiration to the tribe and many a pair of exquisite moccasins or dainty sweet grass basket found their way into her possession. Yet

she was always afraid, always shy. Manaskan watched her from a distance and sometimes would bring a small dried fish or a string of wampum as a peace offering.

"Bah!" he finally exclaimed, seeing that his overtures were of no avail, "I am a Brave! Braves do not serve squaws!" Then he would seize his bow and stone-tipped arrows and go in search of game.

The Missionary was preparing to go back to the St. John settlement, and the derelicts, with the exception of Biencourt and his family with that of Roscand's, prepared to go with him. The Indians gave them snowshoes and several volunteered to go as guides, for the way was long and perilous through the virgin forests of those days.

Manaskan was grief-stricken. "Patlias," he pleaded as tears ran down his cheeks, "Patlias, take me, too."

"My poor child, I do not know—I do not know," murmured the missionary. Too well, alas, he knew the fiery temper of the boy, his roving habits, and the wild life to which he had become accustomed. Then with emotion the priest turned and went into his little pine-bough oratory to pray for council. Manaskan knelt outside, peeping through the crevices from time to time to observe the holy man at prayer.

All that night Manaskan did not sleep, so intense was his desire to follow the Missionary and the next day had been appointed for the departure.

Scarcely had the morning sun flooded the land with its splendor when Manaskan, swift of foot, panting and breathless, reached the cabin. The travellers were ready for their long and tiresome journey. Manaskan stood for a few moments entranced by the beauty of the landscape and forgetting why he was there. He was brought to himself presently by one of the party who asked him sternly: "What do you want here?"

"I came to see Patlias. I am going with Patlias."

"You can't see him, he is in a hurry and has gone ahead with Kogo. What is the matter?"

Manaskan did not hear the question. He gave a low, wailing cry, so mournful, so full of agony that the men started and stared at him in surprise. The speaker began muttering to himself:

"I did not know those blamed Indians had so much feeling."

Others of the tribe soon arrived and clustered around the boy, asking him many questions, but he dumbly shook his head and pointed to the trail. Several of the Indians had met the Missionary on his way and asked him to wait near the great rocks that the tribe wished to see him again. This item of news was soon imparted to the group around Manaskan. The Missionary knowing full well the meaning of the message, stopped and waited patiently. The Indians soon reached him

and falling on their knees reached out their arms in mute appeal. It was an affecting scene.

The wan ascetic figure of the priest, bent with suffering and privation, and the kneeling Indians dumbly appealing to him not to leave them; but the good Missionary shook his head sadly, while great tears rolled down his face, as he raised his hands in blessing.

"Children, I will return, if our Heavenly Father spares me. If not, my brother priest will come to you. May your Father in heaven keep you and preserve in your souls the Faith and the love of Truth."

There was a cry from some one near. Manaskan threw himself at the feet of the Missionary. "Oh, Patlias!" he cried, "leave me not behind. Take Manaskan with you, that there may be one near you to care for you. Oh, Patlias, you are growing old, do not refuse me. Take me, Patlias, and teach me. Make me even as you are."

For a moment the good priest hesitated, then he spoke, and his voice was low with feeling.

"My child, it shall be as you wish. You shall go with me, and I will teach you. If I may yet be spared to see you one of my Father's chosen ones, then I shall no longer feel that my stay among you has been entirely useless."

Well pleased, Manaskan arose. It was enough for him that he was to go with his beloved Patlias. No preparations were made. Just as he was, he turned to the way that led over mountain and upland, bay and river, in company with the Missionary and his guides, the rest of the party folowing from afar.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD SAYING.

The northern nations of Europe anciently assigned portentous qualities to the winds of New Year's Eve. An old legend says:

If New Years Eve night-wind blows south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If North, much cold and storms there'll be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If northeast, flee it, man and brute!

St. Martin of Tours Church, Millinocket.

St. Martin of Tours, Millinocket

M. W. Reilly.

Many years have sped since the sturdy Algonquin, turning westward from the main Penobscot river in pursuit of fish or game, worked his canoe laboriously up the Wset Branch though Dolby Rips and paddling out across the dead waters of Shad pond, ran the bow of his frail skiff lightly upon the shore and reclining upon the banks of a shallow stream, he gave to the locality a name—Nollesemic—a resting place.

Then with strength renewed, pointing his boat northward he ascended the swift flowing waters from whose banks of sandy soil arose the lordly whispering pine trees of the "forest primeval" and he called the place Millinocket—Many sand hills.

The lumberman's axe had resounded in the forest and the great pine trees had been driven through spring freshets to the saw mills at tide water eighty miles below; the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad had crossed the Algonquin's trail at right angles and had strung its steel through the forest aisle from Brownville to Houlton and beyond, when a modern explorer—the civil engineer, following the route traced by the Algonquin, discovered, between the resting place on the West Branch and the sand hills on Millinocket stream, a water power and a mill site; and he made of it a place of habitation. Here, in the spring of 1899, came the Gt. Northern Paper Co., to locate their plant and to establish the largest paper mill in the world. Placing their plant in a natural basin by the side of Millinocket stream and leading in a portion of the waters of the West Branch to a point some two hundred feet above, they allow these waters to fall through wide-mouthed pen-stocks to the mill below to turn the ponderous wheels which roll out from the spruce log four hundred tons of white newspaper per day.

Here, too, in the summer of 1899, came the priest, Rev. P. H. Reardon, pastor of Benedicta parish, who, for six years previous, had been also the pastor of the lumber Jacks, and in whose forest prserves the new settlement had sprung into being.

Gathering about him a few of the faithful among the pioneers he offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in what is now Union hall; and upon a second visit, held services in the Mt. View hotel.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, too, accompanied by several of his clergy, returning from a tour of Confirmation farther North, visited the new settlement in August of that year and was the

guest of Hon. James B. Mullen the chief contractor in the construction work of the mill. Foreseeing that Milinocket was destined to become an industrial center, the Bishop, soon after his return to Portland, created a new parish in the woods and named Rev. Martin A. Clary, who had been for nearly three years assistant to the Rector at Oldtown, its first pastor.

Father Clary arrived in his new field of labor on the feast of St. Martin of Tours, Nov. 11, 1899, placed his work under the special patronage of that soldier, bishop and saint and began at once the organization of his parish. Father Clary came to his new task fully equipped for the work at hand. Endowed with youthful vigor, enthusiasm, zeal and piety, he took to mission work much as a duck takes to water and in this game region where the sportsman casts his line to fish and loads his rifle to hunt, the young pastor went out to "fish" and to "hunt" for hungry and straying souls among the non-descript population which, for the most part, formed the new settlement in the early days.

For the first year the abandoned shack which had been a store for the Kimball Trading Co., served as a temporary chapel for the newly formed flock. But the building of a permanent church went on so rapidly that by Christmas day 1900 the pastor and his flock were comfortably housed in the beautiful and commodious church of St. Martin of Tours erected upon the heights at Main Ave. and Colby St. It was a happy Christmas day in Millinocket.

When Father Clary received his commission as pastor in 1899 the limits of his parish were not clearly defined. His orders could be easily interpreted: "Go into the wide wilderness and preach the Gospel to every creature"; for besides the regular monthly visits paid to the Missions and Stations scattered for forty miles to the south as far as the Piscataquis river at Milo, and forty miles to the West on the Mattawamkeag at Island Falls, ere the snows of winter came the woods to the north were literally filled with men, and he was obliged each year to take to the tall timbers over the woodsman's trail. Even as the early Jesuit Fathers were wont to accompany their Indian neophytes to the winter hunting grounds and share with them their hardships and bitter pains, so the pastor of Millinocket pursued his work of unselfish devotion even to the lumber camps and carried the joys and consolations of religion to the boys engaged in felling the forest trees at Sourdnahunk, Nahmakanta, Matagamon and even at the far away waters of the Allagash.

In 1902 Father Clary built the pretty little chapel of St. Agnes at Island Falls to accommodate the forty Catholic families there, and in 1903 the parish house at Millinocket was completed and occupied.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop W. H. O'Connell paid a visit to Millinocket on Sept. 2, 1902. He dedicated the church, blessed the cemetery and confirmed a class of 52 children.

In the spring of 1907 Father Clary was relieved of his forest charge after seven and a half years of fruitful labor and was promoted to the Rectorship of the Cathedral at Portland and Rev. M. W. Reiley succeeded to the pastorate at Millinocket.

East Millinocket, ten miles below on the West Branch, was just springing up under the magic touch of the Gt. Northern Paper Co. and the need of a new church there was pressing. Immediately plans were made to organize the new mission and the work of building was soon begun. The church under the patronage of St. Peter was opened for public worship on Christmas day of the year 1907 and a congregation of four hundred souls began at once to enjoy, even in its new forest home, all the Spiritual privileges which oftentimes only the older places afford.

The following spring St. Paul's church was built on Davis' hill at Milo Junction and was opened with a mission preached by the Redemptionist Fathers in the month of May, 1908. The Mission Fathers also visited Henderson, Island Falls, East Millinocket and Millinocket, and there was a general spiritual awakening throughout the parish.

One year after his consecration as Bishop of Portland, the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh included St. Martin of Tours and its Missions in his Confirmation itinerary. During that visit he enjoyed the distinction of being the first Bishop to honor, by his presence, the towns of Brownville, (Henderson) and Island Falls where, including those at Millinocket, he confirmed two hundred and ten persons on Oct. 15, 1907.

On Aug. 10, 1910 the Bishop made a second visit to St. Martin of Tours accompanied by twelve members of his clergy and blessed St. Peter's church at East Millinocket. Again the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to a large class, both of children and recent converts to the Faith.

The Bishop had long seen the necessity of dividing the immense territory and the work included in St. Martin of Tours parish, and already "with the advice and consent" of the pastor the partition had begun. The portion situated in Piscataquis county, vis: Milo, Brownville and Henderson—was attached to Dover which was made a parish; the portion situated in Aroostook Co.—Island Falls and Crystal, and Patten (Penobscot Co.) reverted back to Benedicta where it formerly belonged and East Millinocket, now a lusty youngster of six years healthy growth, was detached from its leading-strings and left to walk alone as a parish on Oct. 1, 1912.

Meanwhile St. Martin of Tours grew apace, necessitating enlargement and increase in the seating capacity to accommo-

date an ever increasing congregation. And it would be hard to find, outside the three hundred families who worship at St. Martin's, a more cosmopolitan group, or one more fitting to illustrate the Universal or Catholic character of our Holy Religion.

"On the day of Pentecost," the sacred writer tells us, "there were in Jerusalem, devout men out of every nation under Heaven" whom the Apostles addressed. And in like manner it is the privilege of the Rector of St. Martin of Tours to deliver the Gospel's message to men from the East and the West from the North and the South; from Italy, Germany and Poland; from Ireland, Scotland, Syria and the Eastern Provinces of Canada—to men of various nations and tongues, but all united of one mind and heart, in a common bond of faith, in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church.

St. Martin of Tours, at the age of fifteen years, has had two pastors, each one having served her seven and one-half years. "Paul hath planted, Apollo hath watered, but God giveth the increase."

TO THE POET.

Hast thou a message to tell?
Herald thy vision well,
Leap o'er the walls of time,
Scaling each space, and climb
Far up to heights sublime.

Sing of the Master's love,
Sing of the world above;
Of the ebb and flow of the tide;
Of the varying seasons' pride;
And of all the world beside.

Sing of the spirit of law,
Of order and truth you saw.
Picture in ravishing dreams,
Soft as the moon's fair beams,
What to your heart best seems.

S. A. H.

The Saint of the Crib

"Nothing is more capable of inflaming our souls with love and confidence in the divine goodness than the mystery of the Sacred Infancy," says the seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure, whose own heart was certainly on fire for the Master whom he so loyally served with tongue and pen. We might also add that nothing so arouses our devotion to the Blessed Mother of Christ as the mysteries of the midnight cave on the rocky hillside of Bethlehem. In truth, there is scarcely a prayer or a rite during the holy Christmas season that does not refer to these two grand mysteries—an Infant God and a Virgin Mother.

We can not visit the Crib of Bethlehem without recalling the Seraphic Saint of Assisi who filled with such intense love of God calls the nativity of Christ the "feast of feasts." And in one of his poems he fervently exclaims, "Thou art born of love, not of the flesh; Thou art love made man to save men." One of his biographers tells us that "No one better than he (St. Francis of Assisi) has appreciated our Lord's words: "God so loved the world that He gave it His only Son." He desired to return love for love.

Sometimes he veiled himself in silence and contemplation, and again displayed a rapturous joy. It seems a vein of sunshine ran through his life and all his works. It has been said of him that "he had a horror of sadness as a real enemy to good, although never was a soul more filled with penitential sorrow.

He was as bright as a spring morning where the sun rises above the mountains without a fleck of cloud. And this joyousness and lightheartedness was more noticeable at Christmas than at any other time.

It is related in his life, how on one occasion, when the Feast of Christmas happened to fall upon a Friday, the brethren at Portiuncla were discussing amongst themselves the question as to whether the abstinence should be kept on so great a festival. Brother Morico maintained that no dispensation ought to be given. St. Francis, however, held a different view. "How can one think of abstinence," he cried, "in connection with the commemoration of so wondrous an event?"

St. Francis' love for his fellowmen was unsurpassed, even the birds and the beasts had their share in his wonderful charity. One of his chroniclers says, "in memory of the humble witness of our Saviour's birth, Francis desired that all the oxen and

asses should be provided with better food and he added: "If ever I can speak to the Emperor, I will beg him to make a universal edict, obliging all those who have the means to spread corn and grain along the roads, that the birds, especially our brothers the larks, may have a feast."

His love for Our Lady showed itself in a chivalrous devotion no words can describe. He made her the Patroness of his Order, and Celano observes, "it would be difficult to tell the extent of the duties he rendered her."

"She has made the God of Majesty our Brother," he was wont to exclaim, and as years passed he loved to recommend his many children to her maternal care.

His was a beautiful, poetical mind, making common things uncommon and turning the dross of daily life into finest gold.

The purity of his soul was crystalline, his spirit lofty and tender; and it has been truly and charmingly said that he was "always helping men to put their feet on the track of dawn."

We are indebted to St. Francis of Assisi for the beautiful Christmas devotion of the Crib. Having obtained a special sanction for the establishment of this form of devotion to the Sacred Infancy from Pope Honorius III, he practised it first and through each succeeding century countless thousands of faithful worshippers have knelt since then in vast cathedrals or humble sanctuaries before this representation of the poor Stable at Bethlehem, realizing the mercy and goodness of Him who for us became a little child.

St. Bonaventure tells "It happened in the third year before St. Francis' death that in order to excite the inhabitants of Grecio to commemorate the Nativity of the Infant Jesus with great devotion, he determined to keep it with all possible solemnity."

Having gained permission of the Sovereign Pontiff, he sent a messenger to a nobleman of Grecio, named John, saying: "I wish to keep Christmas night with you, and, if you consent, this is the way in which we will celebrate it.

Choose a place in your woods,—a grotto, if there is one; put into it a manger with hay; bring in an ox and an ass that it may resemble as closely as possible the Stable at Bethlehem; for I greatly desire to see with my own eyes a representation of the birth and poverty of the Divine Child."

John of Grecio entered with the greatest enthusiasm into the ideas of his holy friend and arranged everything as requested.

The inmates of all the neighboring convents were invited to be present, as also the inhabitants of the surrounding villages.

When Christmas Eve arrived, a vast procession bearing torches and lighted tapers marched to the Crib. "The forest resounded with their hymns of praise, for the monks sang carols, which

were taken up by the people, and echoed and reechoed through the woodland vistas."

Francis was at the head of the throng, rapt almost in ecstasy; he stood before the manger, full of devotion and piety, bathed in tears and radiant with joy."

At midnight, the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass was solemnly celebrated in the very heart of the forest. "and the Gospel was sung by St. Francis, the levite of Christ."

In his humility he had refrained from the dignity of the priesthood;—and who was more worthy?

How touching must have been that devotional scene in the woods of Grecio! The wind chanted under the arching branches, through which the glimmering stars like so many tapers lighted in the heavens shone upon that manger as they had shone on the hallowed manger of Bethlehem.

The swaying of censers the fragrance of incense, the sounds of melodious chant, the reverence of the devout worshippers—what a beautiful picture pleasing to God and men. St. Francis filled with a marvellous spirit of eloquence preached on the Birth of Christ, the Divine Babe of Bethlehem. Great, indeed, was the charm of the saint's personality; and his listeners wept, moved by his simplicity and extraordinary fervor, for he truly possessed in a preeminent degree a vivid, luminous, absolute faith. St. Bonaventure says that as the Adorable Sacrifice went on, "a certain knight affirmed that he beheld, sleeping in that manger an Infant marvellously beautiful, whom the blessed Father Francis embraced with both arms, as if he would awake Him from sleep."

Verily, it was a triumph of poverty, simplicity, humility and faith. That night left in the hearts of the spectators a heavenly gladness, which must have left behind sweet memories that after years could not efface. Filled with veneration they carried away hay from the Crib, which tradition says miraculously cured diseases.

Five years later, when St. Francis had gone to his reward, and had been canonized, the people desired to erect a chapel to him on the very place in the forest, where he had celebrated Christmas with them in so remarkable a manner.

May he obtain for us some of his sweetness and brightness, his delicate refinement of nature and fascinating joy, and teach us to love Our Lady and the Holy Babe of Bethlehem."

The Three Rs and Another R

Rev. James A. Carey.

Let us consider again the question of religion in the schools from the purely pedagogical point of view. One of the most clamorous of the systems in the field of pedagogy in our day is that one insisting on the training of the senses, not only of sight and hearing, but of all the senses, during the period of plasticity, as the only avenue of knowledge and for the development of the sensory and motor nerve cells of the brain. This physiological system is so exclusive, with its most logical and ardent advocates, as to consider man merely and solely as an animal, and education as merely and solely a development of the nerve cells of the material brain, to the exclusion of all else.

Undoubtedly, the better training of the senses is a most desirable thing. The senses are the avenue of knowledge. This is no new discovery. The mediaeval schoolmen axiomized this in saying: "Nihil in intellectu quin prius in sensu" There is nothing in the intellect except what comes through the senses. Likewise it is an old teaching that habits good and bad are the result of repeated acts, and that intellectual development depends upon brain development as a necessary instrument. But to insist that sense, and nerve and brain development is the all of education to the exclusion of all else is to take a fatalistic, low, false, short-sighted and one-sided view of life. It is an abandoning of man's high estate, the robbing character of its strongest support and highest motive, a lowering of life and its values, a tendency downward toward the animals (and yet in sense development man is no match for the animals) a rejection of all that ages of education have provided for the human race.

Now herein is the evil origin and the evil results of the philosophy underlying much of the pedagogy of our day. It is frankly materialistic and atheistic in its origin and likewise materialistic and atheistic in its product.

Man is something more than a mere animal. He is partly animal, it is true; but he is differentiated from the lower animals by his rational and spiritual faculties. There is something godlike in him. His destiny is more than that of a dead dog. If man were nothing more than a mere animal, then education itself had better be discarded; shut up the schools, banish the teachers, throw the books to the waste heap and

let the animals follow their brutish impulses and be guided by their animal instincts.

That materialistic philosophy that ignores the higher faculties in man and excludes religion cannot consistently lead the child to the higher things of life or treat of the higher aspirations of life. Reason must be renounced and morality be regarded as a superstition. The soul with its high flowering of nobility, heroism and sanctity may not come within its scheme of things. The spiritual interests of man, which the race has ever held as supreme, and which reason and man's aspirations confirm as such, must be regarded as merely a malformation of nerve cells. Man, the master in creation, stronger in his reason than the whole kingdom of lower animals, higher in his aspirations than the highest star, richer in his fidelity to conscience than all the untold wealth yet stored in the bosom of the earth, is only an illusion. The heritage of the race must be forsaken, the high ambition and destiny of man abandoned if this materialistic philosophy and pedagogy would, consistent to itself, prevail.

It is true that not all the adherents of this system go these lengths, but these are the only logical and consistent conclusions from the materialistic premises. They may admit of the necessity of morality and religion, but outside the school.

Let us take them on their own ground. If man is not complete, as they say, and is but poorly educated if the greater development of the senses be neglected during the early period of plasticity, what about the early training of the child in religious knowledge and practice during the time of his impressionability and plasticity? If the incomplete development of the senses will have its revenge in after life, what about the revenge of the incomplete religious training? If the motor nerve cells wrongly trained in early life will in later life lead to mortifying binders in etiquette and mistakes in grammar, what about the violations of the moral law if these motor nerve cells are not rightly trained in early life and made subservient to the higher moral and spiritual interests? And what stronger sanction and higher motive for the right training of those motor nerve cells may be had than the dictates of religion? By excluding religion from the schools the child's moral and spiritual needs are not only neglected, but even in matters non-moral and non-spiritual, pedagogy is robbed of one of its mightiest powers.

Fear of violating the laws of grammar in after life is advanced as a motive for early sense training and motor nerve development; but fear of violating the laws of God is not strong enough to gain admittance for the teaching of religion in the school. The eternal foundations of morality have shifted in the new pedagogy. The eternally right is no longer eter-

nally right; moral values change with men's opinions. Illiteracy is the great crime of the age, and any individual or people that will neglect the education of the child in purely secular things must be branded with the stigma of opprobrium. Not the Heilige Geist but the Zeit Geist is God in our day and the unpardonable sin against the Zeit Geist is ignorance. Ignorance of what? Ignorance of the laws of grammar, or arithmetic or spelling or history or hygiene.

Now there is no intrinsic evil in violating the laws of grammar or syntax or arithmetic, but there is in violating the moral laws of God. The child may not suffer great loss either in this life or the life to come from his ignorance of the laws of the kingdom of the Medes and the Persians, but he will inevitably suffer loss from his ignorance of the laws of the kingdom of heaven. His ignorance of the multiplication table or his mistakes in applying it may not bring him great disaster, but his ignorance of the Ten Commandments or his violation of them is an intrinsic injury to the child. Mispronunciation of a word he may never have to regret, but taking God's name in vain is an evil that must bring punishment upon the offender. Not sex information but sex control insures a pure life. Inspiration not information, power not knowledge is what the child needs for this life and for the life to come. And inspiration and power, and high values of life and high ideals and their attainment can come not from any materialistic philosophy, but from religion. And religion is not something that can be added on to life, but in order to make life more complete religion must be its inner inspiration. It must be instilled at the earliest opening of rational life; it must be nourished and fostered and grow as life grows. It must guide and control life. Man does not possess it, it possesses man. It is vital and supreme, and to drive out or crowd out religion from the school room is to drive the soul from the body; it is a slaughtering of the innocents. To have life in education the Author of life must preside in the school room to breathe it into His work.

(To be continued.)

Cardinal Rampolla

There was something truly pathetic in the announcement that passed from mouth to mouth in the Eternal City on the morning of December 17th last, "Cardinal Rampolla is dead."

Rome, Saturday, Dec. 20th, 1913, contained a very touching account of his demise, from which we quote a few lines for our readers:

"Cardinal Rampolla is dead! It was the first thing we heard on waking last Wednesday morning, and the news came upon Rome with a shock of sorrow and surprise. A fortnight before those who saw him at the Requiem for Cardinal Oreglia noted (one always singled out Cardinal Rampolla among the Princes of the Church) that he seemed to have grown younger; a few days later the same impression was deepened when he gave Benediction in St. Mary Major's at the closing of the Constantinian year; last Monday afternoon he took his customary drive and walk outside the Porta Pia; on Tuesday morning he rose early, but felt chilled and unwell and did not venture to say mass. Still, all the morning and afternoon everything went as usual in the isolated house under the shadow of St. Peter's. There was the usual pile of letters to be read and answered, documents to be prepared or signed for various congregations, books to be consulted, and at half-past twelve the Cardinal sat down to his solitary dinner. Nobody suspected anything.

"Even later in the day when he complained of the continued chill and of an acute pain in the chest, and went to bed, nobody suspected anything more serious than an attack of influenza or rheumatism. Not even the doctor who examined him carefully, not even his devoted secretary Mgr Rocchi who knew more about the Cardinal than any man living, not even the faithful Guiseppe who served him for thirty years. They wished to remain with him, in their eagerness to be of service, but the Cardinal, who never gave unnecessary trouble to anybody, told them there was no need, so Mgr Rocchi went home and the old servant retired to his own room. A little later, it was then after eleven, Giuseppe silently entered the bed-room to assure himself that all was really well for the night. Alas! one look at the Cardinal's drawn face showed that all was ill. Had he called in vain for help? It will never be known—only that now in a feeble voice he asked for priest and doctor, but when priest and doctor arrived, the voice was still for ever, the lines of pain were smoothed away, the great Cardinal had died, as he

had lived for the last ten years, alone! (The writing of these last lines has been interrupted. The *Araldo telefonico,* which keeps us hourly informed of what is going on around us, tells us over the wires of the scene in St. Peter's this moment where a bier has drawn many thousands, the Princes of the Church, the diplomatic world, the solemn pageantry of Papal Rome, clergy and laity, listening with bowed heads to the music of the Sistine choir. And the message concludes: 'We learn from Cardinal Merry del Val that the Holy Father is praying alone before a picture of Our Lady of Sorrows').

"Everybody knew that he was a great man, but, and this is really amazing, hardly a line of all that has been written concerning him during the last few days gives any indication about his true greatness. They have printed piles of stuff on Leo XIII's Secretary of State, but all that shows him only as the instrument and the servant (a perfect instrument and a most loyal servant—but an instrument and a servant) of a famous Pontiff. They dispute as to whether the policy of the last pontificate was the policy of the Pope or of his Secretary, forgetting what kind of ruler Pope Leo was. The thing is history now and people may differ as to the absolute wisdom of the policy in all details (for it is easy to be wise after obscure contingencies have become historical facts) but nobody can doubt as to the perfect manner in which the policy was executed. That was Cardinal Rampolla's exclusive work, and it was flawless. It made him, at the time, many warm friends and hosts of powerful enemies. It kept him for seventeen years so closely by the side of Pope Leo that he slept only one night out of the Vatican, and that was to close the dying eyes of his mother at Frascati—seventeen years of the most absolute devotion to the Pope and the Holy See without a thought of self. So, even as Secretary of State, the world that talked and wrote about Cardinal Rampolla never knew him. He was 'a Sphynx' for it, he was a diplomat, he was ambitious, he ruled Leo XIII and aimed to succeed him.

"Between these two dates a notable chapter in the history of papal elections had been written. It was August 2nd; sixty-two Cardinals (there were two unavoidably absent) of Holy Roman Church were walled off in conclave from the outside world to elect a new Pope; they had voted twice and each time, with twenty-four and twenty-nine votes, Cardinal Rampolla's name had headed the list. But he was not destined to be Pope and he surely knew it, for humanly speaking after a long pontificate of twenty-five years a change was desirable and there was an inevitable feeling in the Sacred College that a pontificate of Cardinal Rampolla would have been largely a continuation of the pontificate of Leo XIII. In any case God had other designs, requiring another instrument for the Church, and

there was no need of the machinations of a Triple Alliance to prevent Cardinal Rampolla's election. But the machinations had taken place. German politicians were afraid that he would be a Francophile Pope, Italian politicians had injured the Holy See, and therefore hated the Holy See's most powerful defender, Austrian politicians were angry with him for defending the Apostolic Nuncio and the great Catholic leader Lueger, and between them they prevailed on the Emperor Francis Joseph to exercise an ancient but unjust claim of interference in papal elections. The Emperor first asked Cardinal Gruscha to be the bearer of his *Veto*—and was refused; he then turned to Cardinal Puzyna, and in the full xx century a Cardinal of Holy Roman Church consented to intrude the voice not so much of an Emperor as of anticlerical politicians into the most solemn deliberations of the Senate of the Church.

"Before the first voting that morning the Cardinal of the Veto (the last of them, for our Holy Father Pius X has made any more of them impossible), nervous and embarrassed and ill at ease, went for advice and forgiveness to Cardinal Rampolla. 'Eminenza,' said the ex-secretary of State 'I can only refer you to the tribunal of your own conscience.' After the taking of the votes and before they were counted Cardinal Puzyna rose in his place in the Sistine and read in a trembling, stammering voice from a letter the announcement that the Emperor wished it to be known officially that in the exercise of an ancient right and privilege he excluded from the Papacy the Most Eminent Lord Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro. Cardinal Oreglia, Dean of the Sacred College, proclaimed sharply that no notice could or would be taken of any such communication, Cardinal Mathieu protested hotly against it as an outrage, and then Cardinal Rampolla rose and said solemnly: 'I am immensely grieved by the grave wound inflicted on the liberty of the Church. As for my humble person nothing more grateful or welcome could happen'—obviously meaning than his own exclusion from the pontificate. The result of the voting showed: Rampolla 29, Sarto 21, Gotti 9, scattered 3. In the evening the numbers were: Rampolla 30, Sarto 24, Gotti 3, scattered 5, and that was the highest number attained during the election by Cardinal Rampolla."

The Three Kings

Who are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road,
That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and have swum the torrents broad;
Whose camel's bells are tinkling through the long and starry night—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the well-known voices kind,
Their peoples' tents, their native plains, they've left them all behind.

The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on them from afar,
And that same hour they rose from off their thrones to track the Star;
They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who called them mad;
Messiah's Star was shining, and their royal hearts were glad.

No Bibles and no books of God were in that eastern land,
No Pope, no blessed Pope had they, to guide them with his hand;
No Holy Roman Church was there, with clear and strong sunshine,
With its voice of truth, its arm of power, its sacrament divine.

But a speck was in the midnight sky, uncertain, dim and far,
And their hearts were pure, and heard a voice proclaim Messiah's Star;
And in its golden twinkling they saw more than common light,
The Mother and the Child they saw in Bethlehem by night!

The Adoration of the Magi Fra Angelico.

And what were crowns, and what were thrones, to such a sight as that?
So straight away they left their tents, and bade not grace to wait;
They hardly stop to slake their thirst at the desert's limpid springs,
Nor note how fair the landscape is, how sweet the skylark sings!

Whole cities have turned out to meet their royal cavalcade,
Wise colleges and doctors all their wisdom have displayed;
And when the Star was dim, they knocked at Herod's palace gate,
And troubled with the news of faith his politic estate.

And they have knelt in Bethlehem! The Everlasting Child
They saw upon His mother's lap, earth's monarch meek and mild;
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed with loving kiss,
Oh what were thrones, oh what were crowns, to such a joy as this?

One little sight of Jesus was enough for many years,
One look at Him their stay and staff in the dismal vale of tears;
Their people for that sight of Him they gallantly withstood.
They taught His faith, they preached His word, and for Him shed their blood.

Ah, me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls receive.
How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe;
'Tis the noonday of His sunshine, of His sun that setteth never:
Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings, and our kingdom is forever.

Oh, glory be to God on high for these Arabian Kings,
These miracles of royal faith, with eastern offerings;
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar, who from far
Found Mary out and Jesus by the shining of a star.

Let us ask these martyrs, then, these monarchs of the East,
Who are sitting now in heaven at their Saviour's endless feast,
To get us faith from Jesus, and hereafter faith's bright home,
And day and night to thank Him for the glorious Faith of Rome!

FATHER FABER.

The Mother of a Priest

The following beautiful letter was written to a friend by a mother on the day following the ordination of her son:

Dear Friend—Bless, bless God, I am the mother of a priest. It was to you I wrote, twenty-five years ago, when the child was given me. I recall it; I was foolish with joy; I felt him living by my side; I stretched out my hand toward him. I touched him as he lay in his cradle as if to assure myself that I really possessed him.

Ah, what a distance between the joys of then and the events of today, which lift up my soul and fill it with sentiments it has never known before. Today, I am the mother of a priest!

Those hands that, when they were so small, I kissed with warmest love, those hands are consecrated; those fingers have touched God. The understanding that received enlightenment from me, and to which I taught life's aim, has developed, it is flooded with great truths; study and grace have made it surpass my own intelligence, and now, behold it is consecrated to God. That body which I cared for and protected, which made me fear lest sickness would rob me of my treasure—that body has become large and strong; behold it is consecrated to God. That body has become the servant of a priest's soul; it will fatigue itself in order to uplift the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, to give to each and every creature who asks and seeks of him, their God.

That heart, ah! heart so holy and so good, so true to me through all these years, that heart which trembled at contact with aught that was of earth; behold it is the heart of the Lord's anointed! The only love that heart doth know we call by the sweet name of Charity.

My son! my son! It is I who know his nature, and what priceless treasures are concentrated in his character; they will be his safeguard against the world and against himself. When in the secrecy of his priestly work God may put in his path some faltering soul, he will know how to find words to lift up that soul and make it trust in the goodness of God.

Oh, yes! my child will do good, he will be according to God's heart, he will be all charity. Yes, yes! I am the mother of a priest, of a true priest!

What shall I tell you of yesterday's ceremonies? I was there, but I saw nothing save only him; when he knelt, when he stood upright, when he lay prostrate, when he arose, when he

passed away so recollected from beneath the hand of the Bishop —a priest forever!

And this morning he said his first Mass, in the little chapel of a humble convent, where pure and loving hands adorned the altar with lilies and roses, white and red; no pomp was there save the silent flowers and the modest love-lit candles; his server, a child; his congregation, I seemed alone—I, his mother and a few dear friends.

Ah! when they wish to paint the happiness of heaven should they not try to picture the happiness of a mother who sees God descend at the voice of her son, to a mother lost in adoration so deep that she has forgotten the world, forgotten that she lives, and who gazes upon but two objects, God, and her own son.

At a certain moment I heard him move as he bent down before the sacred host. I prayed no longer, or at least I know not what to call my emotions. Yes! it was the ecstacy of a Christian mother. I was saying "Thanks, my God, thanks forevermore. This priest was mine; it was I who formed him; his soul was lit up by mine. He is mine no longer, he belongs to Thee, O my God. Protect him from even the shadow of evil; he is the salt of the earth, keep him from being contaminated; My God, I love Thee, and I love him, I respect him, I venerate him, for he is Thy priest."

At the moment of communion the young server recites the confiteox; the celebrant has turned around, he has raised his right hand, it is the absolution which descends upon his mother.

My poor child, a sob has escaped him; he takes the holy ciborium, he has come to me; my son brings me my God. What a moment! What a union! God, His priest, and I! Was I praying? In truth I cannot tell. My being was wrapt in a peace that has no name. I was bathed in tears, tears of love and gratitude. I was saying in a low subdued voice: "My God! My Son!" Yes, for one who is a mother I believe this was a prayer.

Oh! I am too happy. I shall never again complain. In my life there have been beautiful days; this was the most beautiful of all, because unmingled with thoughts of earth. Adieu, I cannot write more, my tears flood this paper, they are the tears of my happiness.

CATHOLIC BULLETIN.

The Catholic Church in Maine

The Kennebec.

The Catholic Church laid an early claim to the Kennebec and its tributaries, a claim which she has since maintained and justified in her religious foundations at every important point from its source in that far inland lake, now known as Moosehead, to the place where its clear waters are mingled with those of the broad Atlantic. For more than three hundred years have her benign influences been felt along its shores; in sunshine and in storm she has ever been in evidence to direct the destinies of her people, she came here in the fulfillment of her Divine mission, to keep those who were already her children in the paths of righteousness, and to win the heart of nature's savage child to the service of Him who has said, "My yoke is sweet, and my burden light."

The first Christian sign to be erected was the Cross here placed by Christian hands in the early Summer of 1605. Towards this lovely spot, so fully endowed by nature, the persecuted Catholics of England, even as the Pilgrims a few years later, turned their eyes as to a place where they might hope to serve God according to the dictates of their conscience, and the teachings of His Holy Church. As early as the Spring of 1574, English Catholic noblemen, such as Sir George Peckham, Sir Thomas Gerard, etc., had in mind a colony on the coast of Maine where they might, still attached to their native land, enjoy that religious freedom denied them at home. Application was made to the English queen, Elizabeth, for letters patent which would enable them to carry out their plans. June 11, 1578, permission was granted Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his assigns, which seems to have suited their purposes, for we find that Peckham and Gerard were very soon admitted to membership in the company which was authorized to make laws and govern any of the Queen's subjects "as shall willingly accompany him," the only restriction being, that said laws should not be," against the true Christian faith, or religion now professed in the Church of England," or such as might lessen the allegiance of the colonists for the crown.

The place selected for the proposed settlement, was Norumbega, the beauties of which were so recently described by the Franciscan Father, Andrew Thivet who claimed to have visited the country during his American travels in 1556.

It was for the purpose of establishing his colony at Thivet's famed Norumbega, that Sir Humphery sailed from England, June 11, 1583 in a flotilla of four small vessels carrying in all 260 persons. Misfortune, however, followed them. In August, they entered the harbor of St. John's Newfoundland where a number of the crew fell ill and died; others mutined and formed a plot to take possession of the ships. It was here first announced that the public profession of religion, "should be according to the Church of England." Hence while keeping within the law regarding the established Church abundant opportunity was afforded the Catholics for their services in private. That Sir George Peckham did not accompany the expedition is evidenced from the fact that Gilbert wrote him before leaving St. John's for Norumbega. He had not been long on the way ere his largest vessel was wrecked; his provisions and about all on board lost. Discouraged, Sir Humphery decided to turn about and try to reach home. But ill luck still clung to him, a severe storm burst on them, and the boisterous waves of the September gale soon sent the frail vessel with brave Gilbert and his companions to the bottom of the ocean.

That Sir George Peckham hoped to organize another expedition is evident from his writings which are remarkable for their real Christian spirit. In a little work entitled, "A true Report of the late Discoveries and possession taken in the right of the Crowne of England by that valiant and worthy gentleman, Sir Humphery Gilbert, Knight," after speaking about his intentions of continuing the work, he speaks of the benefits which the colonies would bring to England, and the importance of trying to rescue the Indian from the bonds of idolatry.

But while we find Sir George filled with zeal, we also realize that we are in the presence of the fact that the English Catholics were generally against their removal to the northern parts of America, on the ground that such a scheme would compromise their position and rights in the mother country. The move was also strongly opposed by the famous Jesuit Father Persons who strongly urged the Catholic party to remain in England and defend their rights.

Some years now passed by ere the Catholic colonial question was taken up, but the continued persecutions and reprisals made on them again brought this means of relief to the fore. This time, however, we no longer encounter Sir George Peckham but another prominent Catholic in the person of the Earl of Warder, Sir Thomas Arundel. Allied with his relative, Henry Wriothesley, second Earl of Southampton, Lord Arundel on the 5th of March, 1605 sent out an expedition of exploration under Captain George Weymouth which in about two months reached the sandy shores of Cape Cod. Captain Weymouth now turned his prow towards the coast of Maine

where he arrived off the island of Monhegan on the 17th of May 1605 at about the same time that DeMonts and Champlain were leaving their ill-starred settlement of Ste Croix on their voyage of explorations along the Maine coast. But which was the first to behold the beauties of the Kennebec, to sail over its sparkling waters, George Weymouth or Samuel Champlain? That they both passed up its rock-bound waters, that each erected the Cross and took possession in the name of his respective sovereign is certain.

If Weymouth visited the Kennebec as it seems probable that he did, he must have done so after his return from Penobscot Bay whither he went following the Whitsunday spent in Pentecost harbor, so that his call on the Kennebec must have been brief and just before he sailed for England on June 16, 1605.

We find that Champlain made three recorded visits each of considerable length during the Summer of 1605. He records his first arrival on the 7th or 8th of July. On the 29th we find his "Pattache" again mored in the Kennebec waters. It was during this call that the Indian Sagamore, Anassan gave him the first information that Weymouth had been in the river. The Indian chief informed him of the Englishman's treachery in seizing and carrying off or killing their fellow countrymen, Nahanada, Skitwarroes, Assecomet, Tisquantum, and Dehamida.

Abbot in his history of Maine thus characterizes Weymouth's act in Kidnapping the Indians: "The lapse of a century could not efface from the minds of the Indians a sense of the outrage of which they had been the victims. The story descended from father to son. Desire for vengeance burned in the Indian's breast. The very name of Englishmen became hateful. The sight of an Englishman, with his long and glittering sword and his death-dealing bullet, appalled them. If Weymouth had intended to render all future friendly intercourse with the Indians impossible, he could not have adopted measures better adapted to accomplish his ends." So that while his purposes may have been the very best from his point of view, his action caused a wound which not even time could heal.

In speaking of this voyage of Captain Weymouth to Maine, Dr. John Gilmary Shea in his history of the Catholic Church in the United States, Vol. 1, page 25, says, "An air of mystery was preserved with regard to this expedition, and the only published account of it leaves everything vague, yet the religious tone of the writer, James Rosier, indicates a higher motive than trade or discovery.

"We," he says, "supposing not a little present private profit, but a public good and true zeal of promulgating God's holy church, by planting Christianity to be the sole intent of the Honorable setters forth of this discovery."

"The pious tone of Rosier's narrative," adds Dr. Shea in a note on the same above quoted, "would lead one to suppose him a clergyman: policy would require adapting the tone of his remarks to Protestant ears. If he were the protestant minister sent by Southampton, he would have no motive for concealing his character and not speaking openly, and he would not ignore the Earl of Southampton and refer only to Lord Arundel, as Rosier does: while if he were a priest sent by the Catholic nobleman, it would be natural." "He begins his Preface: 'Being employed in this voyage by the Right Honorable Thomas Arundel, Baron of Warder, to take due notice and make a true report of the discovery therein performed. He collected an Indian vocabulary of 400 or 500 words, of which a part is given in Purchas' Pilgrims, IV, pp. 1659-1667. He concludes the Preface: "So with my prayers to God for the conversion of so ingenious and well disposed people, I rest your friend J. R.'"

Taking in consideration the pitiable position of the Catholics in England because of the penal laws so rigidly enforced against them, together with the fact that the prime mover in Weymouth's expedition, was the Catholic Lord Arundel who was also a count of the Holy Roman Empire, we may reasonably conclude that the enterprise was Catholic in its origin, that its aims and purposes were Catholic, hence while it was of necessity ostensibly under the guise of the church then recently established in England by force of Royal will, there was with it at least one Catholic priest, who may perchance have been the annalist James Rosier. Should such have been the case, and it seems more than probable, there would be an additional reason for Weymouth leaving his anchorage on the shores of Monhegan, and crossing over to one of the many land locked harbors on mainland. It was the eve of the great Pentecostal feast, May 18th, 1605. The sacrifice of the Mass was then prohibited throughout the English dominions, as being idolatrous, yet the many faithful Catholics held it in greater reverence than ever, and made the most heroic sacrifice to assist at its celebration, so that on this one Pentecost Sunday, as Captain Weymouth moored his vessel, the Archangel in Boothbay's sheltered harbor, we may be sure, that were there any loyal children of the Church there present, and a priest among them, they must have sought at early morn as the rays of the rising sun were just stealing over Mount Desert hills across the Gulf of Maine, some sheltered cove where beneath the arching limbs of the deep brooding pine on the green sward amidst the new born foliage, they reared their cross erected their rude altar: here in this lovely spot, in nature's choicest glade, amid all the fragrance of an early Spring morn, blended with that of the forest primeval, they assisted at the offering of the

Eternal Sacrifice, partook of the Eucharistic mysteries, and as the beautiful words of the Pentecostal service ascended heavenwards, there accompanied them many an act of undying faith and constant love which has ever and always, in sunshine and storm, in peace and persecution has been the honor and glory of the one true Church.

Did this scene take place? Circumstances would seem to justify our believing that it did, hence we give the date of May 19, 1605 for one of the possible early Masses offered on the Coast of Maine, and the place as our present Boothbay harbor then rightly called Pentecost Harbor.

However this may be, Weymouth's return to England from his voyage of exploration found a well defined opposition to the project of founding a Catholic colony on the shores of Norumbega, which finally led Lord Arundel to change his plans.

The Catholic side of this expedition was undoubtedly obscured by the fact that it was nominally under the auspices of the established church of which Weymouth and his officers were probably members.

The Indians seized and carried to England were well treated and eventually permitted to return to their former haunts. "But" as Williamson in his History of Maine, Vol. 1, p. 195, says, "neither the fruits of this voyage, nor yet the possession taken of the country, could counterbalance the ill effects of Weymouth's treatment of the Natives. For the forfeiture of trade and of their hospitality; the hatred of the English name; revenge and cruelties, were the consequences which might be expected for this offense. Surely never were men's conduct more impolitic, since it was full half of their errand to pave the way for a colonial establishment and future trade. These and much baser improprieties, however appear not to have been much regarded at home." Plans were made for carrying out the purposes of the expedition. Two associations were formed the one to colonize in North Virginia as Maine was now called and the other in South Virginia. The members of the North Virginia association were Thomas Hanham, Raleigh Gilbert, William Parker, George Popham and others of Plymouth whence they were given the appellation of the Plymouth Company. It is not clear whether there were any Catholics in this company or not, but if there were, they would of necessity on account of the prevailing penal laws have to remain silent members, their interests to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Plymouth Company was not, however, long in preparing another expedition for a settlement on the coast of Maine, which sailed from Plymouth May 31, 1607 under the guidance of George Popham and Raleigh Gilbert, made a direct course for the shore of North Virginia where they anchored after a

pleasant voyage under the lee of Monhegan, August 8th, 1607. Here they remained for a few days, making an excursion here and there in their long boat, until finally on the 18th of the same month, they proceeded to the vicinity of the Kennebec, landing on what is now called Stage Island. Not finding this location suited to their purposes they soon changed over to the West bank of the river, near present Atkins Bay. Here on a peninsular, now southern corner of Phippsburg, they erected a few slender cabins and built a fort which they called after their president, Fort St. George, but which was afterwards commonly called Popham's Fort. After they had been well housed, the two ships in which they had come, The "Gift of God" and the "Mary and John," sailed for England December 5th.

The winter proved severe, the colonists being unaccustomed to the intense cold of our northern season suffered severely; misunderstandings arose with the Indians; their store house took fire and the greater part of their provisions were destroyed in mid-winter; the death of their leader George Popham and that of his brother Sir John in England together with Sir John Gilbert all of which misfortunes left the members of the colony thoroughly demoralized and ready to take advantage of the first opportunity of returning to England. The returning ships gave them this chance, so taking with them the small vessel which they had built late in the Autumn of 1607, and the few furs they had gathered in their commerce with the Indians, they sailed in the Spring of 1608 for England, leaving their cabins, their church, and Fort St. George to silence and decay. Thus Popham's settlement remained; the Indians came perhaps from time to time to talk over the doings of the departed, to speak of their treachery. Thither perchance came the adventurous sailor to wander as it were through Palmyra's deserted halls; here in the fall of 1611, the silence of decay was broken by the short visit of Biard and Biencourt who in their hopeful spirits may have looked forward to the day when the Lilies of France would proudly wave above the walls of England's deserted fort.

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"The poets heart is a fatal boon,
And fatal his wondrous eye,
And the delicate ear,
So quick to hear,
Over the earth and sky,
Creations mystical tune!
Soon, soon, but not too soon,
Does that ear grow deaf, and that eye grow dim,
And Nature becometh a waste for him,
Whom, born for another sphere,
Misery hath shipwrecked here!"

The Decoration of the Sanctuary

Many are the means by which the love of God reaches the soul and Divine Wisdom has indicated in the liturgical law of the church the heavenly message of symbolic language. It is the language of the heart rather than that of the reason and one that is readily grasped and appreciated by woman.

The mind and hand of man contribute the architectural design of the edifice, the laying of stone upon stone, the lining and coloring of frescoes, the inspiration and chiselling of sculpture, but to the daintiest touch of feminine arts and taste belong the adornments of the Holy of Holies, in every detail of arrangement in cleanliness, fitness and harmony of decoration. Woman is not excluded from her share in beautifying this most sacred part of the House of God.

In the old Jewish customs of Solomon's Temple, although women were not allowed to directly participate in the sacrificial rites, they had the privilege of providing linens for priestly service, of weaving tapestries for floors and walls, and of making the rich robes and vestments used at the altars. We have a beautiful tradition from one of the apocryphal gospels of St. James, in which our Blessed Lady is represented as weaving the new veil of the temple, when the Angel Gabriel approached her to announce the mystery of the Incarnation.

"And it came to pass, in a council of the priests, it was said: 'Call together before me seven pure virgins of the tribe of David. And the servants of the temple went and brought them into the temple of the Lord. And the high priest said unto them: 'cast lots before me now, who of you shall spin the golden thread, who the blue, who the scarlet, who the fine linen, and who the true purple'.....and the true purple fell to Mary's lot to spin.....and Mary took the fine purple and did spin it.....and she went out to draw water, and heard a voice saying unto her: 'Hail, thou art full of grace; the Lord is with thee; thou art blessed among women'."

Owing to the loss of beautiful traditions, it is generally thought woman's service is confined to the making of linens for the altar, or vestments to be worn at the holy Sacrifice.

The early Christian women prepared the beautiful designs and executed with choice skill the splendid tapestries and veilings and even hand embroidered carpets that covered floors, walls or entrances of the vast basilicas.

Among the specimens of such work wrought by women, we have a few that were in existence before the twelfth century

and many more of later times. In the treasure stores of the great cathedrals and Monasteries of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, may be seen the work of the nobility. Embroideries by Bertha, the mother of Charlemagne, and her daughters, of her daughters, of Queen Ghisela of Hungary, in which the most artistic taste is united with delicate execution, bearing tribute of both genius and devotion.

Surely such loving industry incited to piety and fervor in the Temples of the living God. In these present times of handicraft and general development of artistic sense and appreciation, why cannot the leisure moments of good Christian mothers and daughters be devoted to the adornment of their parish church and its Sanctuary.

The same God in His Eucharistic Presence is dwelling on its Altar as He dwelt in the old shrines of the Eastern world. The same womanly taste and skill is theirs as was possessed by the noble women of regal courts of former days.

Zeal for God's House, a noble purpose, a ready hand, a willing heart, these are needed. The prescribed material, the liturgical form, the decorative elements of the objects used for the service and decoration of the sanctuary, all such data may easily be supplied by the fountain—head of such information; the good Pastor.

Of course, everything that savors of profanity or worldliness is to be relegated from the sanctuary. Ciborium covers, corporals, burses are all in demand.

For the white cloths, such as palls, purificators, corporals, altar covers, towels, amices, cinctures, surplices, etc., the general rule prescribes pure white linen. Wool, cotton, or other substitutes, owing to circumstances, may be tolerated but are not in accordance with the spirit of the church.

For mystic reasons, Holy Mother Church; therefore, wishes the Sacred Body of Christ to be wrapped with pure linens, the altar-stone representing His sepulchre to be covered with a triple fold of linen, and all her ministers at the altar to be continually clad in purest linen, emblematic of the purity and holiness of their service. Thus does St. John witness the angels to have appeared before the throne of God; "Angeli vestiti lino mundo et candido." (Apoc. 15:6)

Thus, is it fitting that the messengers announcing the Divine Word on earth, should be clothed, when appearing in His holy temple, with pure linen.

The proper materials for all other garments, outer vestments and ornaments are respectively, silk, lace, gold, silver, and other metals.

The purity and precious quality of the substance determines its fitness, mystic meaning and usefulness. There are restrictions also, in regard to color. Apart from gold and silver, only

five colors are permitted, white, red, green, violet, and black. Each has its symbolic meaning, and all other colors are excluded. Blue is in place in the Eastern Church, but is not permitted in the Roman liturgy.

What a grand privilege it is to be allowed to furnish the altar and to adorn the sanctuary of our very God, our Lord dwelling amongst us.

In many a bleak mission church the need of loving, skilful hands is often felt by the good priest who does what he can to beautify the most holy Spot—the Tabernacle, the Altar.

And the thought arises concerning the helpfulness that might be rendered by the women of the parish, if services were offered, a little knowledge obtained, and hundreds of little branch Tabernacle Societies set to work where help is so frequently and so badly needed.

E. de M.

The first anniversary of the death of the Hon. Michael T. O'Brien, came on the 13th of this month. While taken away in the hour of his usefulness, Mr. O'Brien will be long remembered for his sterling qualities as a Christian gentleman, and his fearlessness in espousing the cause of truth and upholding at all costs the legitimate authority of the Church. He was a member of the Maine Catholic Historical Society, was active in its interests and its meetings, and his untimely death was a distinct loss to his family the cause of religion, and the Catholic history of our State.

The 21st of this present month is the 70th anniversary of the death of our first and only Catholic Governor of Maine, the Hon. Edward Kavanaugh, who departed this life at his home in Damariscotta, Maine, Jan. 21, 1844, in the midst of his usefulness at the early age of 47. Governor Kavanaugh was a native of Maine, and was born in the hospitable Kavanaugh homestead at Damariscotta April 27, 1795 at a time when Catholic families in our State were few and far between. President of the Maine Senate, he became on the election of Governor Fairfield to the United States Senate in March 1843, Governor of Maine.

Historical and Magazine Notes

One of the articles in our December number entitled "The Missionary Spirit" offered the suggestion that the endowing of one or more missionaries in our State would be of wonderful help in holding our scattered and isolated Catholics in the faith. Along the same lines we quote an interesting item from "The True Voice." Some practical work for the Catholic Church at large is to be done by the Knights of Columbus, according to the plan originated and being now fostered by the Kentucky Councils of the order.

It is the plan of the councils to tax each Kentucky member 50 cents a year to establish a mission fund. There are approximately 3,400 members in the state, which would yield $1,700 for the purpose. This will help to pay the expenses of two missionaries who will visit the mountain sections of the state and other places where the practice of the faith is lukewarm or wherever it is felt they can aid the work of the Church."

Notwithstanding the cold north wind that raked the streets of Old Town last Sunday, and in spite of the deep snow that covered the ground from the storm of the day before, nearly three hundred men of the St. Joseph's Parish turned out in parade in honor of the Feast of the day. Starting from the church, where the ranks were formed under the direction of Chief Marshal Denis Langlais, and his assistants, and headed by the police force of the town under marshal Avery, and with the priests of the parish in the front rank, the procession marched through Main street to the Indian Landing, where the men of St. Ann's Church on Indian Island were waiting to join their ranks. Proceeding thence through Brunswick St., as far as Carroll, then to the Church where the entire body of men listened to a timely and powerful sermon by the Rev. Father Clary. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the men returned to their homes, well pleased with the day's effort, and proud of the excellent showing made in their first attempt to honor the Feast of the Holy Name.

Among our December exchanges we wish to call attention to that most excellent New England weekly, the Sacred Heart Review which in its issue of December 13 celebrated its Silver Jubilee of its existence. For 25 years the Sacred Heart Review has been a welcome visitor each week to many of our Catholic homes. Would that it had entered the door of all of them for we are sure that its conservative tone, its constant presentation of Catholic truth and doctrine in all its bearings

has been a never failing source of instruction and Christian inspiration to all its readers.

This same number also announced the completion of that seemingly impossible undertaking the erection of "The Sacred Heart High Altar of the Basilica of the Holy Cross, Rome," which entailed the expenditure of more than $25,000. But the mere announcement of this wish on the part of the venerable editor of the Review, the Rt. Rev. John O'Brien, immediately called forth a generous response on the part of the many subscribers who saw in the proposition a means of aiding in the worthy work commemorating the Constantine Jubilee, and showing at the same time their appreciation of the twenty-five years of faithful service in the cause of true Catholic Journalism, given by the devoted founder and Rt. Rev. Editor through the columns of "The Sacred Heart Review."

A notable event in the history of the Knights of Columbus was that which took place in Baltimore, January 6th, 1914, when their national president in a few well chosen words in which he expressed the good will of the order, handed to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons a check to cover the $500,000 endowment fund pledged a few years ago for the benefit of the Catholic University. The presentation was made at the Cardinal's residence in the presence of Monsignor Thomas Shahan, Rector of the University the members of the University Faculty, a number of distinguished clergymen, and nearly every national officer in the order.

On receiving their magnificent gift, His Eminence in his usual happy manner thanked the donors in the name of the Holy Father and his associates on the University Staff for their very generous and timely offering: In conclusion the Cardinal said: "I find only one parallel for your magnanimous deed, the building of a great medieval Cathedral by loyal and devoted merchant guilds of those former Catholic days."

"In an age of spiritual unrest and despair you have renewed that miracle of faith—the steady and affectionate co-operation of a multitude of men in the fulfillment of one mighty purpose, whose immortal influence shall run like a fertilizing river through all time, and spread on all sides most welcome benefits."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop left Portland last Sunday, Jan. 11, for New York where he sailed on the steamer Lusitiani a Wednesday for the Eternal City to make his "Ad Limina Visit" at the threshold of the Apostles. The faithful will follow their chief pastor during his absence with their constant prayers, that he may safely return with renewed forces for the service of the Lord.

Concerning ad limina visits to Rome, "The Catholic Bulletin" under date of January 10th offers the following explanation:

"From time immemorial in the history of the Church it has been the custom for Bishops to pay periodical visits to the Holy See. These ad limina visits were regulated by Sixtus V., in 1585, in this fashion: Italian Bishops were to see the Pope every three years; French, Spanish and other Southern European Bishops every four years; Bishops of Northern Africa and Europe, every five years and those of Asia and other parts of the world every ten years.

In 1740 Benedict XIV, confirmed this ordinance, and it remained in force until three years ago.

On the last day of 1909 the Sacred Concistorial Congregation published a decree, approved by Pius X., that modified the existing usage. In accordance with this new legislation, all Bishops, save those depending directly on the Propaganda, must visit Rome every five years, and furnish the Holy Father with a report of the state of their dioceses. The year 1911 when the decree went into effect, was reserved for the Bishops of Italy and the neighboring islands. The next year witnessed the visits of the prelates of England, Belgium, Scotland, Spain, France, Holland, Ireland, and Portugal. The past year was utilized by the Bishops of Germany, Austria, Hungary and other regions of Europe. During 1914, the Bishops of America will pay their ad limina visits; and in 1915 their example will be followed by the Bishops of Africa, Asia and Australia. Communication with Rome will of course be more frequent on the part of all Bishops, than once in five years, but at least once in that quinquennial period, each prelate must have a personal interview with the head-Bishop of the Catholic world."

The State of Maine old in history and vast in extent, has ever been a fruit field for missionary endeavor. The Church has here offered her best sons for this important work, hence we find many of her priests today leading lives of sacrifice and toil, lives not unfrequently cheered by small returns, and smaller earthly reward, following in the footsteps of the heroic missionaries of long ago, looking up the scattered Catholic children of Mother Church as they drift here and there about our state. We read with interest of the effort in other parts of the world, the heroic men and women who daily offer themselves for this work; we read of the meager support accorded them, and the difficulties they have in maintaining themselves on the field of duty.

The harvest is great; the laborers are few, and their resources limited. The director of one branch of our mission work, that for the preservation of the faith among the Indian children of our country has just been issued. Father Ketcham, director of the bureau C. I. M. and president of Preservation Society

LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S BOSTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY BRIGHTON, MASS.

reports that the amount received from various sources the past year was $32,681.68.

"The needs of the missions," says Father Ketcham, "have not decreased. The cost of living even the simple life of the missionary still exists for the 170 priests and 400 Sisters as well as for the 6000 children in our Catholic boarding schools."

While the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among the Indians has been devoting all its energies to this laudible purpose, The Catholic Church Extension Society has been holding out a helping hand to many a poor missionary and his struggling parish to the extent of $238,034.27. Many mission churches in our country, especially in the far West owe their very existence to the initiative of this society in their behalf, and its funds ever generously expended, whenever available for the advancement of the cause of the Catholic church in the sparsely settled portions of America, among her poor and isolated children.

One of the results of the great mission congress at Boston, must inevitably be the bringing of this Society and its great work, more generally before the well disposed and well to do children of the church in the more favored parts of the United States, so that by the aid of their charitable offerings, the record of the Catholic Church Extension Society may be still more glorious at the end of this present fiscal year.

The offerings of the faithful for the Negro and Indians missions in our country have as usual been generous, and the goodly sums distributed been made to go as far as possible, but the sum total of all these various efforts probably falls short of $500,000, so that while our Catholic people have doubtlessly been as generous as usual in the work of upbuilding God's church, they have fallen far behind the efforts made by our separated brethren who during the year 1912 raised a total of $16,458.00 for missionary purposes in foreign lands while the gifts to home missions alone amount to $45,000,000.

The sum is large, but when we remember the many expensive establishments to be maintained, besides numerous salaried attendants and their families to be supported, we easily see how the disappearanre of these immense sums year after year may easily be accounted for,—yet when we remember the self-denial of our missionaries and devoted sisters on the mission, and the fact that our Catholic people are called on not only to give them oftentimes their meager support, but as our period is a constructive one in the Church, they have also to bear the burden of church and school building as well as the founding necessary charitable isstitutions, hence were it possible for us to go over the entire field covered by our Catholic people in private as well as in public, the sum total of their offerings for all religious purposes would be far larger than actually reported.